Be hiſt, and wondered at if he ariſe.

*Enter a Meſſenger.*

*Meſſ.* My Lords, Duke Edward with a mighty power
Is marching hitherwards to fight with you.

*Oxf.* I thought it was his policy to take vs vnprouided.
But here will we ſtand and fight it to the death.

*Enter K. Edward, Clarence, Gloſter, Haſtings, and ſouldiers.*

*Edw.* See brothers, yonder ſtands the thorny wood,
Which by Gods aſſiſtance, and your proweſſe,
Shall with our ſwords ere night be cleane cut downe.

*Queen.* Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay
My teares gainſay. For as you ſee, I drinke
The water of mine eyes. Then no more but this:
*Henry* our King is priſoner in the Tower,
His land, and all our friends, are quite diſtreſt,
And yonder ſtands the Wolfe that makes all this;
Then on Gods name Lords together cry, Saint George.

*All.* Saint George for Lancaſter.

*Alarmes to the battell, Yorke flies, then the chambers be diſcharged. Then enter the King, Clarence, Gloſter, and the reſt, making a great ſhout, and cry, for Yorke, for Yorke, and then the Queene, Prince, Oxford, and Somerſet are taken, and then ſound and enter all againe.*

*Edw.* Lo here a period of tumultuous broyles,
Away with Oxford to Hames Caſtle ſtraight.
For Somerſet, off with his guilty head.
Away, I will not heare them ſpeake.

*Oxf.* For my part Ile not trouble thee with words. *Exit Oxf.*

*Som.* Nor I, but ſtoop with patience to my death. *Exit Sum.*

*Edw.* Now Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For ſtirring vp my ſubiects to rebellion?

*Prin.* Speake like a ſubiect proud ambitious Yorke;
Suppoſe that I am now my fathers mouth,
Reſigne thy chaire, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whilſt I propoſe the ſelfeſame words to thee,

Which



Which Traitor thou wouldſt haue me anſwer to.

*Qu.* Oh that thy father had bene ſo reſolu'd.

*Glo.* That you might ſtill haue kept your peticote,
And nere haue ſtolne the breech from Lancaſter.

*Prin.* Let *Æſop* fable in a winters night,
His curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

*Glo.* By heauen brat, ile plague you for that word.

*Qu.* I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

*Glo.* For Gods ſake take away this captiue ſcold.

*Prin.* Nay take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe rather.

*Edw.* Peace wilfull boy, or I will tame your tongue.

*Cla.* Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapart.

*Prin.* I know my duty, you are all vndutifull.
Laſciuious Edward, and thou periur'd George,
And thou miſhapen Dicke, I tell you all
I am your better, Traitors as you be.

*Edw.* Take that, thou likeneſſe of this railer here. *Stabs him.*

*Qu.* Oh kill me too.

*Glo.* Marry and ſhall.

*Ed.* Hold *Richard* hold, for we haue done too much alreadie.

*Glo.* Why ſhould ſhe liue to fill the world with words?

*Ed.* What doth ſhe ſwound?
Make meanes for her recouery.

*Glo.* Clarence, excuſe me to the King my brother,
I muſt to London on a ſerious matter,
Ere you come there, you ſhall heare more newes.

*Cla.* About what, prethee tell me?

*Glo.* The Tower man, the Tower: Ile roote them out.

*Exit Gloſter.*

*Qu.* Ah Ned, ſpeake to thy Mother boy:
Ah, thou canſt not ſpeake.
Traitors, Tyrants, bloody Homicides,
They that ſtab'd *Cæſar* ſhed no blood at all,
For he was a man; this, in reſpect a childe,
And men nere ſpend their fury on a childe.
What's worſe then Tyrant that I may not name?



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